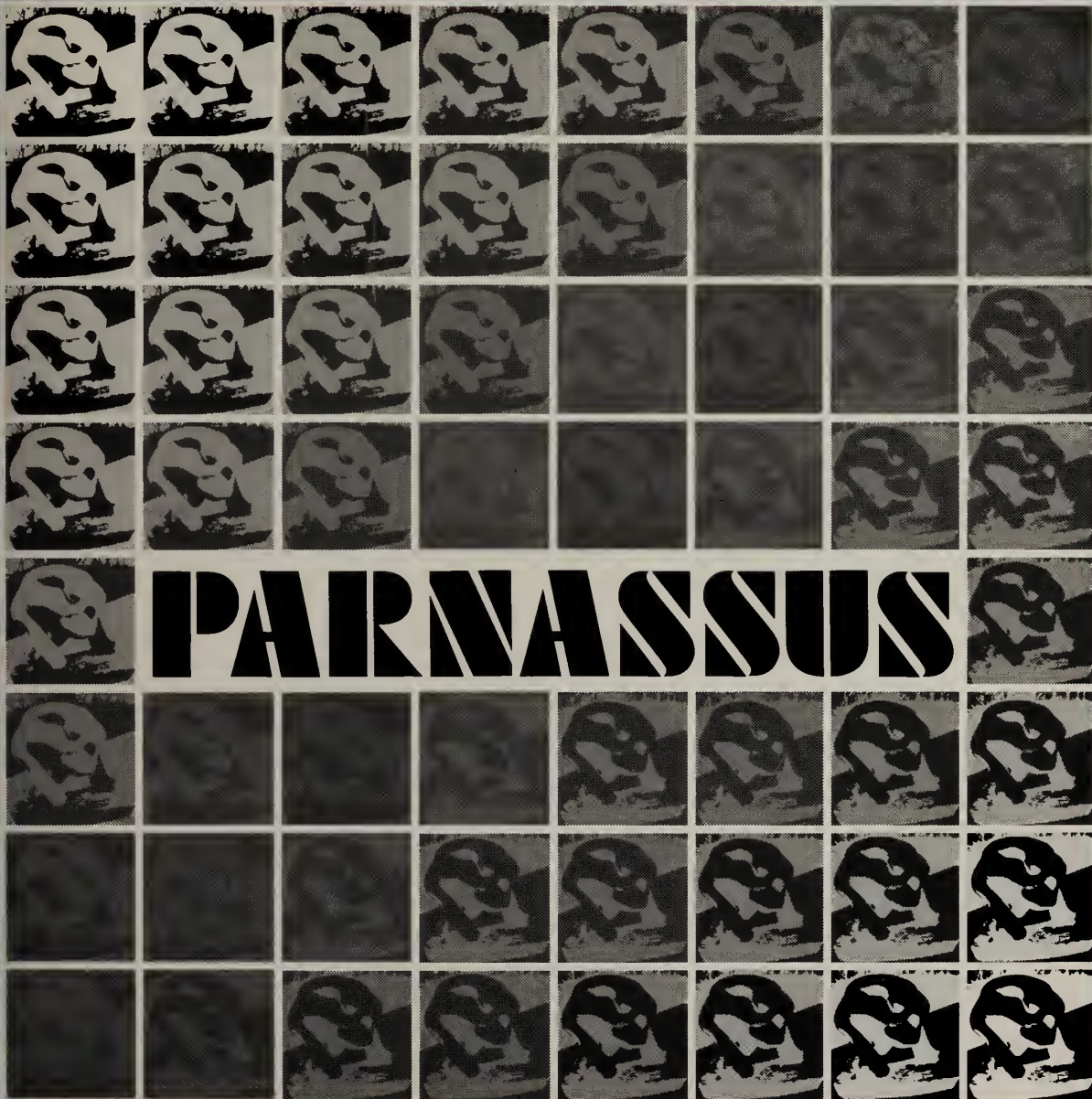
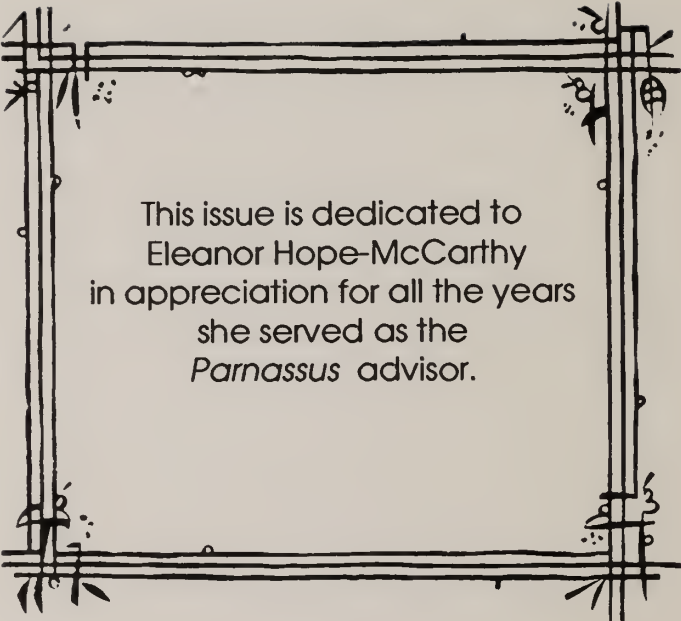


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This issue is dedicated to  
Eleanor Hope-McCarthy  
in appreciation for all the years  
she served as the  
*Parnassus* advisor.

# Parnassus

Inter-Arts Magazine  
of  
Northern Essex Community College

## Spring 1989

Parnassus is the name of the mythological mountain home of the nine muses who inspired humankind in the arts.

The policy of the editorial staff has been to select material for the magazine democratically. We have read each work submitted and viewed all artwork. We voted to determine eligibility: a majority vote for a piece meant publication. *Parnassus* provides an opportunity for new artists and writers to reach others; it's a showcase of Northern Essex Community College student creativity.



**Mark Ala**



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## **I Finally Had A Bellyful Of That Jumbo**

**Joe Hanish**

Back in the 50's & 60's, there were some great ball players. One was scrappy little Billy Martin of the New York Yankees, and another was Don Drysdale, a big, tall strikeout pitcher of the Los Angeles Dodgers.

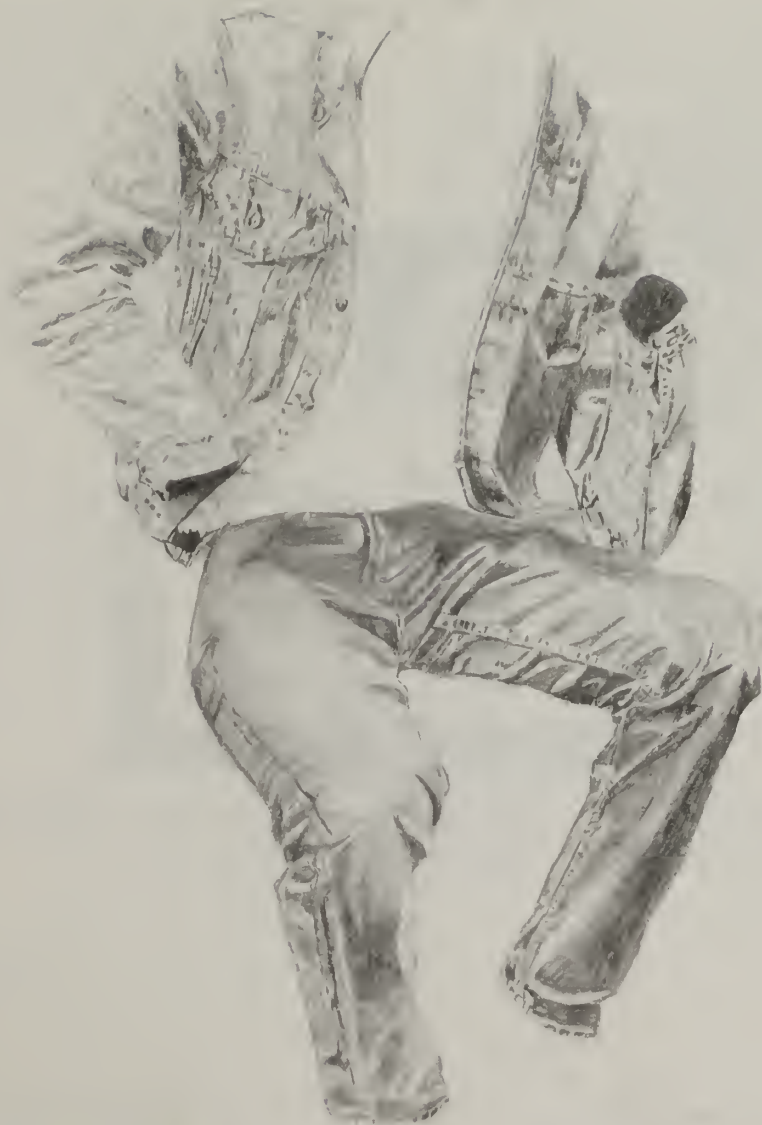
Jumbo and I played ball back then too. I was a little like Billy Martin, but Jumbo was a lot like Don Drysdale. The only other difference was that we were in the Pony League, not the Majors.

Well, this one particular day, my team, the Dixie Belle Eagles, was up against Jumbo and his nine, the Edison Gents. We had played through eight and a half innings, and neither team had scored a run. It was our turn to bat in the last of the ninth, and our first two guys bounced out harmlessly to the second baseman. Two quick outs, and I was next.

The big right hander's speed had been my conqueror all day. I struck out looking the first time, and the second was a duplication except for a tick of the bat before the third strike nestled in the catcher's mitt. Jumbo humbled you and humiliated you at the same time. I hated that grin of his when he struck you out too, and I had seen it many times. Now we were ready to do battle again.

Mr. Big, all six foot three, two hundred plus pounds of him, put two quick strikes by me. Two little blurs that resembled aspirins, not baseballs. Ninth inning. You'd think he'd have slowed down a little, wouldn't you. No chance.

The tall right hander went into his windup, kicked his leg high in the air, and his third pitch came rushing towards the plate. There was a difference in this at bat though, compared to the first two. For the first time in my battles against Jumbo, I really saw the ball, all of it, and I hit it



**Michael Kelleher**

right on the nose. It was a gorgeous line drive, and it was headed right up the middle. But there was a problem, a big problem. It hit Jumbo in his middle. He never got his glove up. I heard this whooshing noise as all the air came out of his big belly, and he went straight down on his face in a big heap.

I tore around the bases as Jumbo lay there, flat out. Rounding second base, I noticed Jumbo's team mates rushing to his aid. They were also looking for the ball. I was rounding third before they re-

alized that Jumbo was laying on it. When they finally did move Jumbo's gigantic frame and get a throw off to the plate, I was beginning my slide into home.

The throw was close, but I was in there a step ahead of it. Safe, the umpire yelled. Games over. We won 1-0.

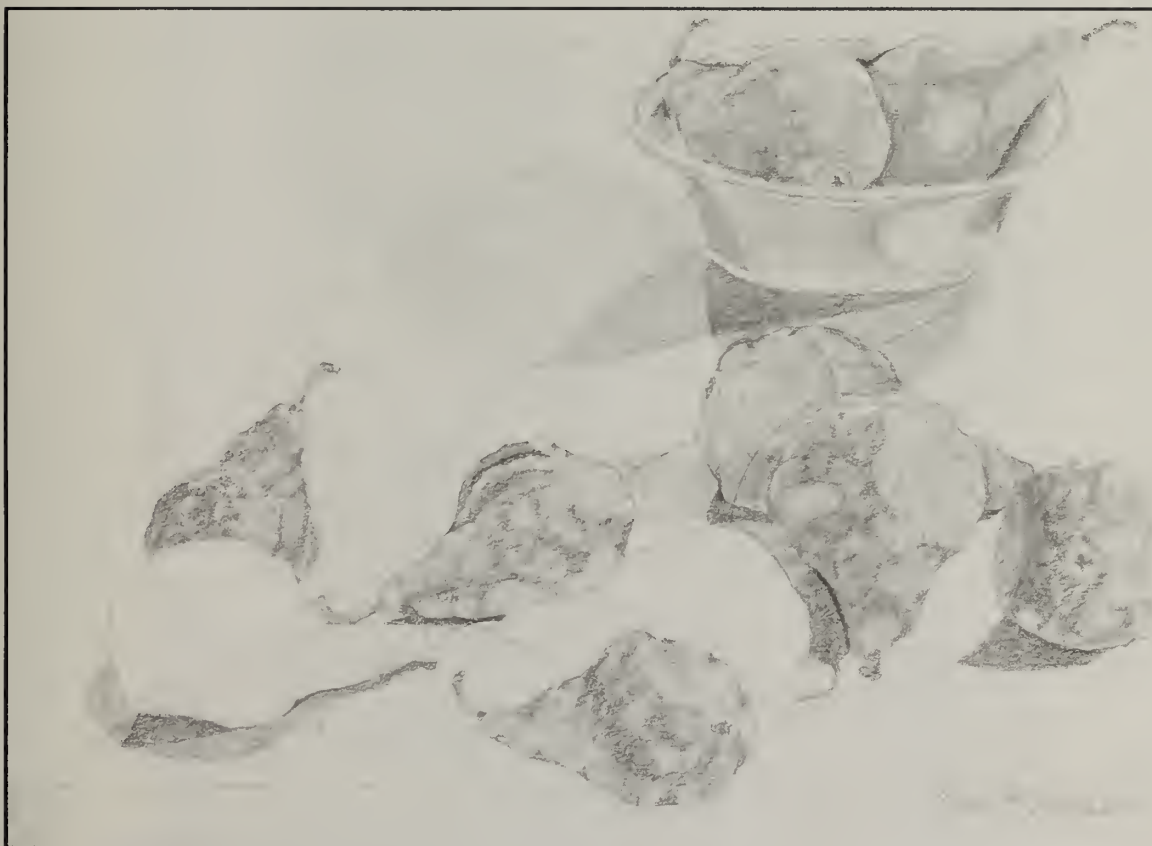
I looked out at the fallen monster who was up on his knees now, his face a lot on the pale side, even a little green. I had finally beaten Jumbo the giant, and it was my

time to smile. I also thought of changing my name to David.

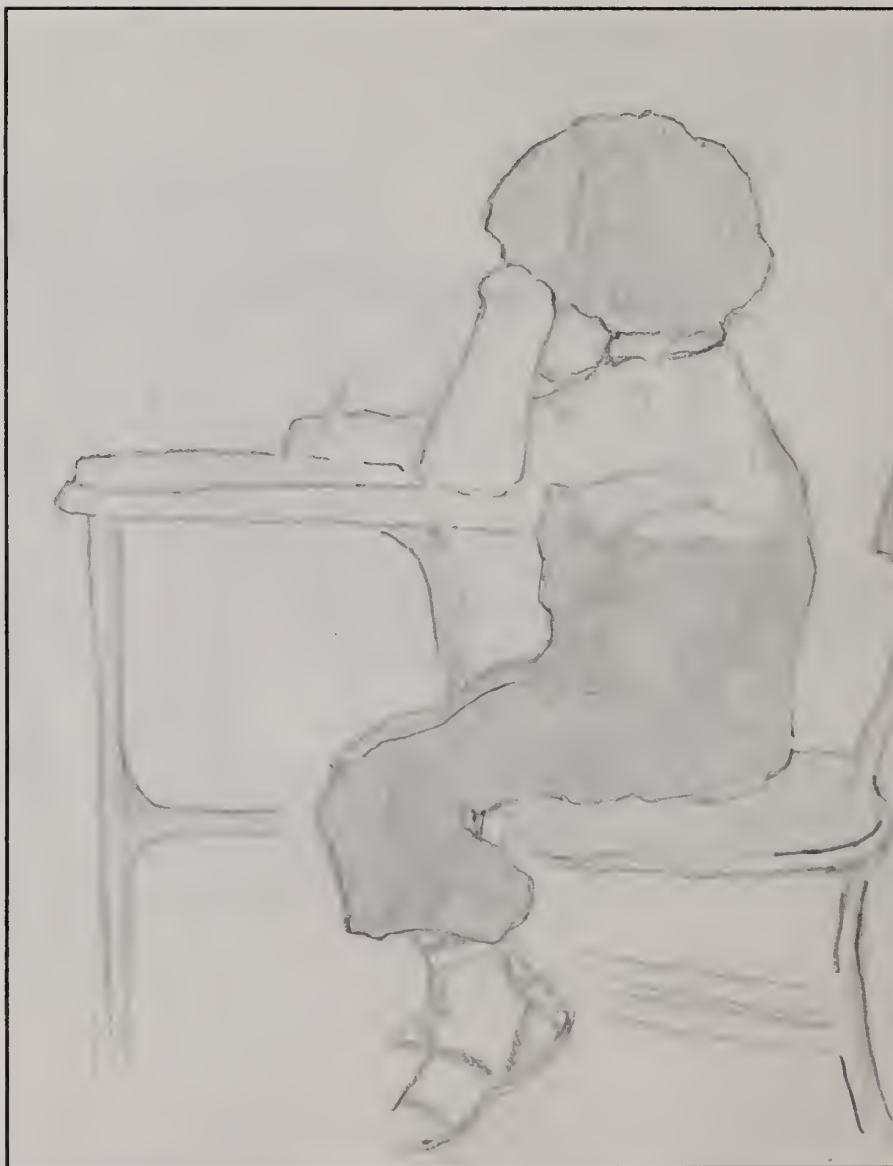


cut paper: Robert Gibeau





**Claire Melanson**



**Tom Lucia**

## **My Neighbor's YoYo**

I used to sit, watch with  
                  eyes aglaze  
As he would toy with his yoyo  
                  afire, ablaze  
He could make that yoyo  
                  sing and dance  
With a twist . . . of the wrist  
                  it would zing and prance  
Oh! that yoyo of red  
                  and green  
While I watched I  
                  felt serene  
As he cradled the cat  
                  and walked the dog  
I looked upon him . . . as if  
                  he were God  
How I loved that yoyo so  
                  pretty and cute  
It reminded me of music  
                  from a far away flute

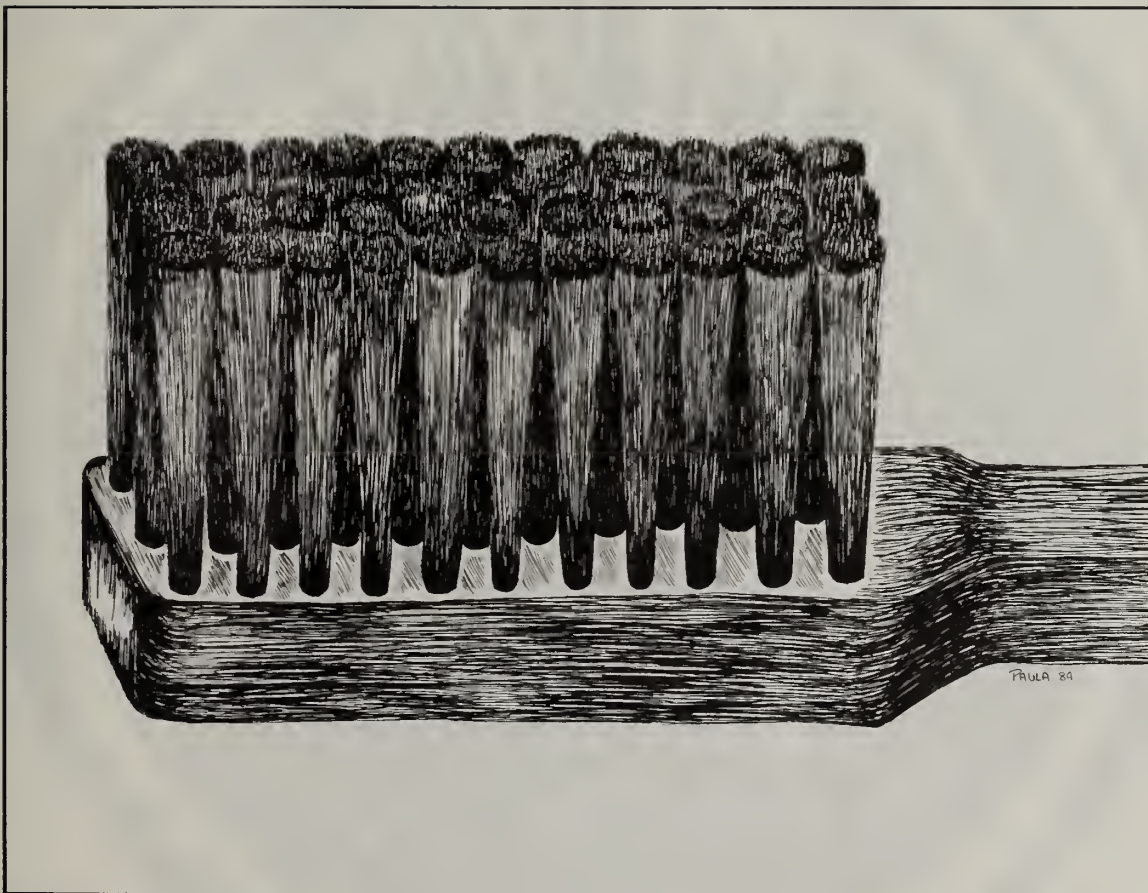
**Marie Allbritton**

This man, like many men and women in Boston, has no home or job or car or family to take care of him. When I saw him he was begging for change on the corner of Boylston Street. I gave him a dollar and asked if I could take his picture, he agreed on the condition that I did not publish the photos in a newspaper; he did not want his mother to see him like this. I promised him the

photos would not be in the papers. After taking several shots I asked him if he could smile. He looked at me with eyes that could turn flesh to stone and said "Smile, shit!, I've got not more smiles left in me, kid." I went home to my warm, comfortable room in my warm, comfortable house and I thought about him. I hope he finds a warm, place to sleep tonight.



**Text and Photograph by Timothy Donovan**



Paula Grenda





Paula Grenda

## **The Taking of Brandy Brow**

Last summer's crime is buried in snow

Sandy craters that gaped  
like open graves ringed  
by ragged earth  
exposing private parts  
of trees  
now are smoothed and softened  
and one forgets. . .

the roaring massacre  
by craving monsters  
that chewed the land and spit it out  
unsatisfied and ungrateful

Now the ominous growl  
from lesser machines  
warns the approach of aliens  
in shiny suits  
and argyle faces  
who lift a stumpy hand  
in friendly greeting  
and spin away noisily  
through scruffy pines

I glide silently in their wake  
when the distant buzz  
is like a junebug  
at a summer screen.

**Maureen Wimmer**

## Two Poems by Elle Thomas-Smith

### January

The snow swirls in a  
Myriad of cascading confetti,  
Each flake knowing only  
His singular destination,  
Much as each man  
Searches for his own path  
On this spiraling sphere,  
Together fashioning a labyrinth  
Of lightning flashes in a  
World of solemn darkness.

Through the snow-lined panes  
Seeps a frigid frosting wind,  
While inside an intimate two  
Ignore the great Mother sending her shivers  
As they touch by the radiance  
Of an oak scented fire,  
Setting aflame their hearts  
With steaming mugs of ambrosia,  
Basking in the blissfulness  
of love.

The World  
The World  
The World  
The World is your oyster.  
-I hate shellfish.  
The World  
The World  
The World  
The World is your oyster  
(Crackers extra)



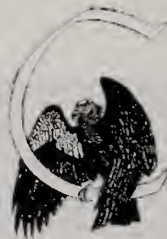
**Stephen Brown**



Leona DeMartino



Lorna Teal



Lorna Teal



Mary Schoonmaker



Deborah J. Beech



Linda Duggan



Lorna Teal



Carey Waters



Shellie McCabe



Suzanne Kritzas



Suzanne Kritzas



Adrienne Medige



Jackie Peters

## Endangered Animals

- A Aye Aye, *Daubentonia madagascariensis*
- B Bald Eagle, *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*
- C California Condor, *Gymnogyps californianus*
- D Persian Fallow Deer, *Dama mesopotamica*
- E Przewalski's Wild Horse, *Equis Przewalskii*

- F Kit Fox, *Vulpes macrotis mutica*
- G Mountain Gorilla, *Gorilla gorilla beringei*
- H Humpback Whale, *Megaptera novaeangliae*
- I Impolo, *Aepypterus melampus*
- J Juguor, *Panthera onca*
- K Koola, *Phascogalea cinerea*
- L Spanish Lynx, *Felis pardina*





E

Mary Schoonmaker



F

Gail Bova



G

Gail Bova



Deborah J. Beech



Carey Waters

N



Jackie Peters

O



Shellie McCabe

P



Shellie McCabe



Adrienne Medige



Linda Duggan

W



Linda Duggan



X

Jackie Peters



Z

Leona DeMartino

- M Squirrel Monkey, *Saimini aestedii*  
 N Numbat, *Myrmecobius fasciatus*  
 O Ocelot, *Felis pardalis*  
 P Giant Panda, *Ailuropada melanoleuca*  
 Q Quetzal, *Pharomachrus macinna*  
 R Rhinoceros, *Diceros bicornis*  
 S Sea Otter, *Eumyria lutris nereis*

- T Loggerhead Sea Turtle, *Caretta caretta*  
 U Utah Prairie Dog, *Cynomys parvidens*  
 V Viscacha, *Lagastamus maximus*  
 W Walrus, *Dabemus rasmarus*  
 X Bush Wren, *Xenicus laginpes*  
 Y Wild Yak, *Bas grunniens*  
 Z Mountain Zebra, *Equus zebra zebra*

## Creativity

A sudden surge of energy  
The mind races  
As the hand struggles to keep pace

A dreamlike state  
Euphoria  
Words are scribbled,  
Crossed out, scribbled again.

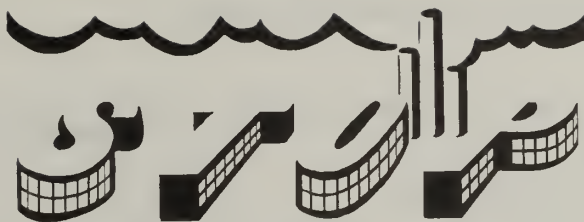
A predator  
Feeding off my mind, my entire being  
Destroying the body  
While cultivating the soul.

**Cecilia Minnichiello**



**Erik Bumbulis**

Ken Salter

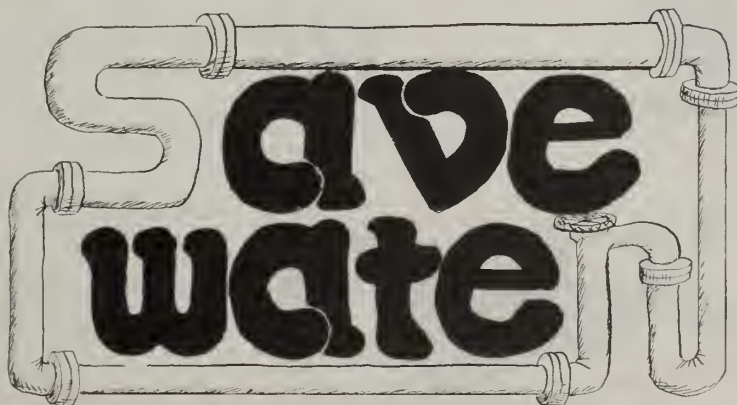


**Pollution**



Charlene Maguire

Julian Thompson



## Three Poems by Lovena Harwood

### Haikus

Sand crabs run to hide  
as I search for puka shells  
stranded by the tide

At a foggy lake  
where the fishes used to dance  
there I stood alone



Shellie McCabe

### Hawaiian Lullaby

Good night my little keiki  
close your eyes and hear the  
waves  
as they rush to and fro  
tonight the sea is yours

Dream tonight my little keiki  
close your eyes and reach for the  
stars  
that light the heavens  
tonight the world is yours

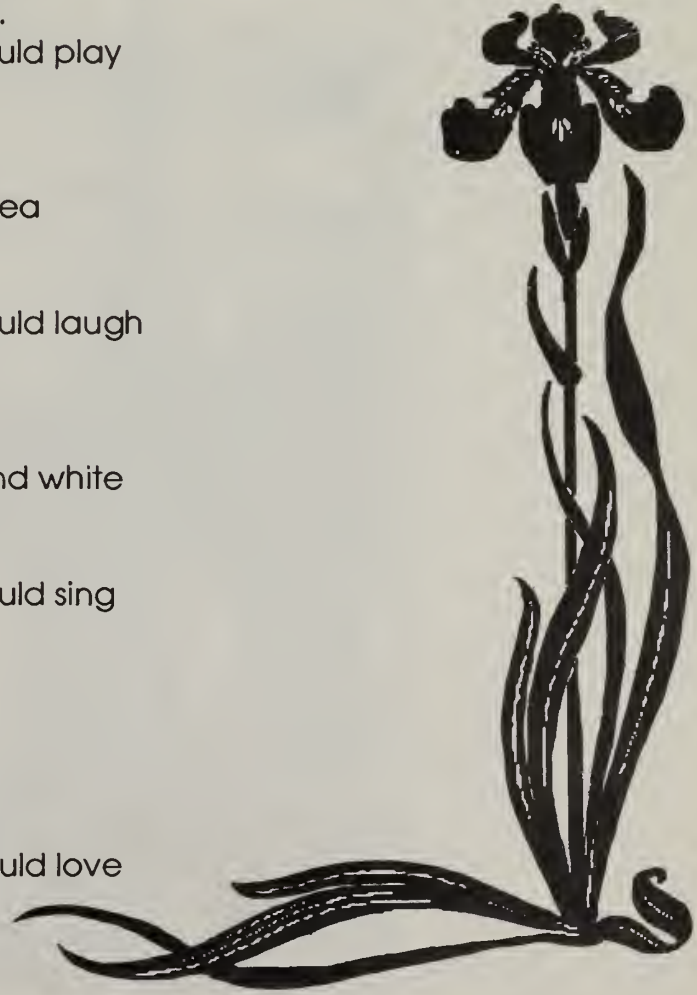
## Untitled

I recall riding horseback along the moonlit Waimanalo Beach  
listening to the waves  
feeling the warm breeze against my skin.  
Oh, how I long for those days when I would play  
so I close my eyes to come home  
to be a child once again.

I recall the morning snow atop Mauna Kea  
crisp, tropical air enticing me  
black lava made white by the winter.  
Oh, how I long for those days when I would laugh  
so I close my eyes to come home  
to be a child once again.

I recall picking plumerias, yellow, pink and white  
embracing their fragrance  
as I gently string them into leis.  
Oh, how I long for those days when I would sing  
so I close my eyes to come home  
to be a child once again.

My heart's grown old  
my dreams withered like the fall leaves  
that will soon be covered by the winter.  
Oh, how I long for those days when I would love  
so I close my eyes to come home  
to be a child once again.



Leona DeMartino



## **The Beauty of Silence**

The sun rises in golden silence  
Spreading shards of color on the horizon.  
In this there is beauty.

The snow falls in pure white silence  
Blanketing the earth in virginity.  
In this there is beauty.

The high, bright moon glimmers in silence  
Sending shadows creeping along the ground.  
In this there is beauty.

The spring flowers bow down in silence  
Responding to the unspoken command of a warm wind.  
In this there is beauty.

A young child lives in a world of silence  
Raising his hands in swift, strong motions,  
Communicating his thoughts, feelings, ideas.  
And yes, in this too, there is beauty.

**Erin Elizabeth Thompson**



Sue Hancock



Jim Cross

## The Swimming Lesson

Bruce Menin

"NO! DON'T THROW ME IN!"

Brian backed slowly away from his father, bumping into a folding chair near the edge of the pool.

"I'LL LEARN TO SWIM MY WAY," he shouted. His shrill voice was etched with terror. His father's progress was slowed by four quickly consumed beers, although he advanced steadily towards the five year old. His father's friends slapped their thighs, laughter booming like a late summer thunderstorm as the older man chased his cowering five-year old around the pool.

"Get over here, dammit," he shouted, sweating from the effort. The hot August sun burned relentlessly, mercilessly, scattering the crowd into two distinct groups – those in the water and those seeking shade.

Brian looked wildly around. He ducked behind another pool

chair as his father lunged for him, causing the older man to stub his toe. "Dammit," he roared, as more laughter erupted from his friends. "Get yer ass over here! You're going in that pool right goddam now!"

Feeling as though he was walking across hot coals, the little one scampered across the sun-warmed concrete. It scorched the bottoms of his feet cruelly. He leaped onto the grass that edged the walkway. Spotting Mrs. Horowitz, he rocketed straight towards her. His father, cursing and limping, lurched after him.

"Please Mrs. Horowitz, please . . . don't let him throw me in! Please, I'm scared!" His eyes filled with tears, and his lower lip quivered. He stole behind her, wrapping his arms halfway around her ample waist. He buried his face in the sweat dampened ruffle of the bathing suit that struggled to cover her equally ample posterior.

"Willy," she said, drawing



herself up to full height, her commanding chest puffed out impressively; her legs were slightly apart. She stared up into the eyes of his father, who swayed unevenly a good six inches above her. "Willy! Leave him alone. Can't you see that he is frightened out of his wits? What the hell is wrong with you?"

He hesitated. The silence was broken by a staccato popping as his friends cracked open another six pack on the other side of the pool. Like a striking snake, his arm reached out suddenly, hand closing around his son's wrist. "Cut the crap, Gladys. He's my son, and he's gonna learn to swim. I learned this way. Good enough for me, good enough for him." He swept Brian up into his arms, carrying him above his head like a trophy. His friends roared their approval.

Brian shook with fright, sobbing uncontrollably. "Please Dad, please Dad, no, please no...." he chanted, a whining mantra of barely controlled

panic. "Please, no. . ." Willy strutted over to the side of the pool, out past the shallow area fenced off for kids. Still holding his son aloft, he stopped at the six foot marker.

"Stop whining! Remember what I told you. Take a deep breath before you hit the water, and don't start kicking until you've finished sinking. We'll be right here by the side. Stop crying, 'cos you're going in anyway. Might as well save your energy for swimming!"

Mrs. Horowitz clucked her disapproval, loudly. Willy turned to her, grinning. "I sacrificed my son to the goddess of water," he shouted, adding as an after thought "Who probably never lets her ass hang out of a bathing suit, unlike some people we know." In between their mocking, snortling laughter, his friends counted out "one, two, three . . .," as Willy rocked back and forth at the pool's edge. At "three," he launched his sobbing child high into the air above the water.





Charlene Maguire

Brian stared upwards into the hot afternoon sky. He reached up to touch one of the wispy clouds, trying to grab a handhold that would cheat gravity's embrace. Twisting his body around, he was suspended for a moment, caught between up and down. He noticed that his sobbing had stopped. Taking a deep breathe, he dropped slowly towards the water. It seemed dreamlike, slow, and inevitable to him.

He tumbled into the water without the stinging splash he had expected. Plunging deeply into the pool, his deceptively easy entry into the water did not force the breathe out of him. Sliding downward, he was completely aware of the gentle caress of the water enveloping him. His eyes opened.

He was stunned by the utter blueness of his surroundings. The blue of the walls and floor of the pool, the blueness of the water, the impossible blueness of the sky, seen clearly above him. He could make out the faces of this father and several other adults.

The surface of the pool seemed like his own private boundary, dividing the humiliation and fear he had felt seconds before from the astounding sense of peace that cradled him now.

He was again suspended between up and down, his inertia having carried him about hour feet below the surface. Kicking his leg tentatively, he was propelled upwards. Two more kicks, and he broke the surface, blinded by the glare of the sun, eyes stinging, nose full of chlorinated water. He took in as much air as water, and thought he heard the hoots of his father and his father's friends. He sank beneath the surface, and the water whispered "welcome, welcome," muffling all but the sound of his own heartbeat.

He kicked twice more, breaking the surface and taking in less water. Each time he slid back under, he felt as if he had come home. By the third series of kicks and sputters, he was surprised to find himself standing in the shallows. Wiping his nose, he

hiked up his bathing suit. He  
stared at his father, hovering near  
the edge of the pool. After a

long moment, the five year old  
turned and waded out into the  
deeper water.

**Liza DelleChiaie**



## **Two Poems About Maine by Maureen Wimmer**

### **Stonington**

Tide's out  
Mud flats stink  
Fog's so thick  
Ain't seen the sky for days

Gulls are grounded  
Squattin' on dock timbers  
Pale and complainin'  
Like the tourists losin' their tans.

### **Native**

Bonded  
To this place  
The way seaweed  
Clings  
To this rocky shore

Bound  
In icy coves  
Riding rip-tides  
At anchor

Like silver seagrass  
Bending  
In ancient clusters  
Rooted in sand.



**Wess Weinstein**



(SOMETIME IN 1987)

Don't worry, this is just **STREAM OF CONSCIENCE NEGATIVITY**

The real world is: a fake world- forsake world- a naive world- a punished world- a punishing world- a selfish, swelled-head, egocentric world- a black car, black boot world- a tortuous world- the "golden age" world or the age of gold world?- a sick and crude world- a cold world- a short term world- no long term world- an "on my terms" world- a contradicting, grit your teeth, bear the pain world- a fish out of water world- a poppy, trendy, spandex world- a spiteful and insecure world- a king and queen world- a tired, light and dark, fear of fear world- a banging and clanging world- a "new" world- a bad news, gossiping, distort the truth world- a sad, defensive, evasive world- a dreamstate world- a kicking and screaming, foot in the mouth world- descending fast- a use it up, play for today, no tomorrow world- a low tide, no clue, unmotivated world- barred and chained- an insomnia, living nightmare world- losing perspective, no cure in sight world- a closing in, rape and pillage world- a fitting lie- a no trust, good for nothing, shut up the youth world- a close your eyes, phone me sometime, depressing world- a neglected world, a neglecting world- a sinking world- the real world-

WELCOME TO IT!!!!

(it's nothing we can't change)

**Julie A. Cunningham**





**Wess Weinstein**

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All text and layout for this issue of *Parnassus* was accomplished on a  
Macintosh Computer and imaged on a LaserWriter Plus Printer by  
Joan Coronis and Laurel Obert.  
Font: Avant Garde  
Point Size: 12

The cover is a photograph conversion modified on a computer. Tony Lazzaretti is the photographer as well as the sculptor of the photographed piece. The original photograph was a continuous tone modified to high contrast in the dark room. It was further modified and replicated on a computer.

